

**We Do Not Know How Much We Love.**

We do not know how much we love  
Until we come to part.  
How strong the tendrils are that bind  
An object to the heart;  
The tree, beneath whose branches, we  
In infancy have stayed;  
The flowers—the friends of early youth,  
With whom we oft have played,  
And things o'er which we mourn and grieve  
In pleasure and in pain,  
As memory brings them back to us  
From out the past again.

We linger still amidst the scenes  
That we have loved so well;  
While recollections fond and pure  
Within our bosoms swell;  
And to their shadows still we cling,  
Even while they do depart;  
For memories that we thought hid,  
Come crowding on the heart;  
And though the star of hope may shed  
Its beams upon our way;  
Yet farewell's a bitter word—  
For those who love—to say.

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**Memory.**

BY E. L. HILDEBRAND.

As we gaze in upon the workings of the soul, and behold its powers, we realize the force of the prophet's statement when he exclaimed "Wonderful are thy works, oh God! thy ways past finding out." It is evident from the differences in the mental states and affections in persons, that the mind has different powers, each having a particular mission to perform. Of these powers the memory may appropriately be termed the vault into which the past experiences are stored. The deeds and actions are placed in the great balance of justice and weighed by the memory. It will undoubtedly determine whether we are worthy of the joys of heaven or not, when we come to judgment.

Through the memory the events of the past are renewed in all their former reality, we undergo the same pangs, the very fillings are aroused as in the original experience. The millionaire in his palatial residence, remembers the happy years spent in his father's humble cottage and he longs to live over those days of innocency when life had no cares and all was peace and sunshine. The aged father as he watches his children playing in the distant lawn, remarks that it reminds him of the time when he used to play with Charlie and Willie in the distant heath. His emotions vent themselves in various ways; as he describes the panorama, that is silently passing through his mind. He laughs in childish glee when the sports and pleasures of his boyhood days appear. His first experience skating, or the time when he induced some of his playmates to disturb the bumble-bees, who resented the insult by giving the intruders the benefit of their stings, he even describes the grimaces and gymnastics of the boys as they tried to keep the bees face-foremost. The amusing scene fades away, and gives place to another entirely different in character. The tears start and trickle down his furrowed cheeks as he looks upon the one that was most dear to his heart, lying cold in death. The voice, that had so often consoled him, is hushed: he sees the form that he loved consigned to its long resting place. The sorrow and feeling of loneliness is renewed and he stands a picture of despair, while that sad scene remains before his mind. Gradually it passes away and he hears the words of comfort and hope that came from the loved ones lips just before death. Thus inspired by the promises of his Savior, his countenance changes, sadness and sorrow is superseded by joy and hope, with upturned face and eyes streaming with love he seems to gaze into the very courts of heaven as he repeats:

"O land of rest for thee I sigh!  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home?"

The Creator in his beneficence has endowed us with the faculty of memory, and when used in the right direction it is a source of good and pleasure, but if fed upon vileness and sin, it makes life miserable and death fearful. The mind should be

stored, as the artist's gallery, with beautiful pictures, which entertain and instruct. So that when they reappear we will enjoy their society.

This dreary afternoon in memory I wonder back home and seem to hear the voices of those most dear to me, together with the songs of love that ever make home a type of heaven. In imagery I behold the old home itself with all its pleasant recollections. Again the many joyous seasons of worship are renewed in my mind. Am seated in Enon with the brethren and sisters, whose faces come as in reality. The Pentecostal prayer meetings, which I enjoyed so much, can never be forgotten. Often do I feel the influence of the prayers, that were offered in each others behalf, with the testimony of the gray haired veterans, which so much encouraged us recruits in Christ's army. The remembrance of those occasions afford me much pleasure while musing on the past. There is no doubt but that if we had our lives to live over would keep many of the images out of our minds, scenes that are indelibly almost, are ever appearing to torment us, yet there is one hand that can erase them and in Him is our only hope. Jesus, came, lived, died on the cross and rose again, to cleanse us from sin, and he alone can remove the memory of unpleasant scenes. Let us trust in him and place in the mind many pictures of benevolent acts, devotion to truth and scenes of worship. These the oftener they are looked at, the brighter they appear, and when we come to judgment they will be our strongest witnesses before the bar of God.

**The Divinity of Christ.**

BY MAT EMBREE.

Not long since an infidel challenged me to produce some evidence of The Divinity of Christ outside the testimony of Holy Writ, objecting furthermore to hackneyed phrases and trite observations, which he affirmed had by constant repetition lost force and that original luster they had when new. Realizing the hardship of ministering to a mind diseased, I was considerably exercised about the manner in which I should present my argument so as to effect his understanding since the prophets nor the scriptures were allowed to prop me. However beginning with the annunciation and immaculate conception I labored to this effect.

In what other manner could the Son of God be born? How else could He be the Son of Man. Immoral writers either sacrilegiously or from darkened minds pretend that the story is an absurd imposture on the credulous and ignorant of those times; but the sequel, which was our Savior's sinless life and his great works is absolute proof that Christ was Heaven descended on the one side and born of the flesh in purity on the other. He was destined to wear the miserable weeds of mortality, with the attendant frailties of the flesh; only supported by the immortal spirit with which He was endowed, invincible to sin and exalted above temptation. Considering next His doctrine and practice what does it present to our intelligence. Is it merely the account of the life of an evangelist, of his untiring labors, his noble disposition, His persecution by inveterate foes and his tragic death? No, although this is most the liberal infidel can concede it is not all, not even in the ratio of a unit to a vast untold numeric. Christ's propagations were marvelous, His utterance the voice of God. There is that beneath the seeming surface of this history of the life and death, of Christ beyond comprehension; too deep for penetration. The careless and ignorant are blind to these wonders. The searchers and those hungering after righteousness when they first behold the splendid light of this deeper revelation seem awakened to a new existence extending indeed into the domain of eternity. After glimpsing the reality of Christ in this hidden Divinity the future is no longer impalpable, no longer a gulf, but promises the fruition of ineffable longings. Christ was the embodiment of humility and self-denial, where we see him most often represented is on the cross in the last extreme of agony, a King above all earthly kings. His life was devoted to the poor, the outcast and wretched among men. Whoever came to him pallid and

wan, under burdens and sufferings, with the stamp of misery on their brows, were welcomed as friends the proud arrogant and the high placed were as strangers to him and His sympathies. The first beatitudes are, Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Here are laws for the afflicted and toil-worn, bright promises for those who are weary of life and trampled beneath the feet of the oppressor. Those in the worldly life who have always borne the spite of fortune, in poverty, disease and ignominy, poor spirited, meek and mourning ones, lost to earthly hopes, may well rely on Him. As a man what was it Christ said or done to convict us of his Divinity? Let the answer to this consist in the sermon on the mount; never was benighted man capable of such utterances. Heart and brain never conceived such doctrines without Godly inspirations. Examine then his life, it was altogether ever with the purity of His precepts. Who else in the records from all ages, lived absolutely sinless? Who of all the present generation can obey the single commandment He gave his disciples. Resist not evil. Out of a great multitude can we by searching find any, who if he were made lord of the world would seek fellowship among the despised classes, the lame, the blind and the lepers; can we find any man who having the power to become rich, refuses to be so, preferring penury and all vicissitudes, to wealth and ease? Such was our Savior, more homeless than the foxes or the birds of the air, his acts were just and righteous all merciful, beyond criticism. He denounced evil wherever it was found and had no fear in his mighty works; He faced the corrupt money changers in the great temple at Jerusalem and by his denunciation drove them flying in terror through the streets. As to his death, it came in disgrace and was accomplished in bitter despite and malice, and Christ's mission was done, His spirit as pure and unsullied as those white winged messengers of God took flight toward its own Celestial element.

Born in a manger, consorting with fisherman, journeying from country to country in perils unnumbered. Fasting, healing the sick, washing the feet of His own servants, ministering to all sufferers, and teaching the multitudes marvelous things. This is Christ's record, ever before us in detail. Let those sound an entire of intellect consider the close philosophy concealed under the mystic strain.  
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John Bunyan says of prayer: "It will make a man cease from sin, or else, if he continue in sin, it will make him cease from prayer. Prayer and sin cannot live together and be active in the same heart."

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect it without it as it is to look for a harvest without seeds.

Do you feel that you could do more, pray more, or give more, and are tempted not to do it? Look at it again in the light of Gethsemane and Calvary. How the treasures and pleasures of earth pale, like the rush light before the glorious noontide sun, as we think of the appeal of the great Apostle, who himself had sacrificed all for Christ, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—Donald McLeod.

There is an old story or a great artist in colored glass. He had designed a window for a grand cathedral, and selected for it some very choice material. After he had completed his work an apprentice gathered up the rejected fragments, and from them designed a wheel window in the same cathedral, which was pronounced to be more lovely than the work of the great master, although but formed from his leavings. So our God can but formed from the broken and rejected opportunities of our lives, as they appear to us, make some more precious work than we accomplish with the very best we have.